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SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1864.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE Nobility, Gentry, Subscribers and the Public are respectfully informed that the OPERA SEASON will commence on

SATURDAY NEXT, April 9th,

On which occasion will be performed Verdi's admired Opera,

"RIGOLETTO."

IL DOCA.....SIGNOR GIUGLINI (his first appearance in that character).
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MARCELLO.....SIGNOR BERTACCHI.
CEFRANO.....SIGNOR CASABONI.
LA CONTESSA.....MADLLE. TOMASINI.
GIOVANNA.....MADLLE. TACCANI.
MADDELENA.....MADLLE. BETTELHEIM (her first appearance).
AND
GILDA.....MADLLE. VITALI (her first appearance).
Director of the Music and Conductor.....SIGNOR ARDITI.

In the Ball-Room Scene, a
GRAND PAS DE DEUX,
By MADLLE. ARANYVARY and SIGNOR AMMATURO.

In the course of the Evening,
THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

The Opera will commence at Eight o'clock.

Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, also prospectuses with full particulars of the arrangements of the season, may be had at the Box-office of the Theatre, open daily from ten till five, under the superintendence of Mr. Nugent; and of the principal librarians and music-sellers.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS, St. James's

Hall. Director, Prof. WYLDE, Mus. Doc.—Thirteenth Season.—Programme of the FIRST CONCERT of the season, on Wednesday evening, April 13, at 8 o'clock, and Public Rehearsal, Saturday afternoon, April 9, at half-past 2. The orchestral compositions selected from the works of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Weber, Spohr, and Rossini. Artists—Mme. Lemmens Sherrington, Mme. Arabella Goddard, and Signor Sivori, who will make his first appearance this season in London at the public Rehearsal. Principal violins in the orchestra, Herr Molique and Mr. H. Biagrove. Part I.—Overture, Faust—Spohr; aria, Zepheretti Lusinghara (Solomono), Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington—Mozart; concerto in G, pianoforte, Mme. Arabella Goddard; movements, allegro moderato, andante con moto, rondo vivace—Beethoven; song, "Sweet Bird," Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington; l'Allegro e Penseroso—Handel; symphony in A minor (Scotch) op. 53; introduction and allegro agitato; scherzo assai vivace; adagio cantabile allegro querrero; finale, maestoso—Mendelssohn. Part II. Overture, Semiramide—Rossini; aria, con variazioni Les Diamants de la Couronne, Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington—Auber; concerto, for violin and orchestra, violin and orchestra, violin, Signor Sivori, Paganini; overture, Abon-Hassan—Weber. Tickets for the public rehearsal—sofa stalls, 7s.; balcony, 5s.; back balcony, 3s.; area, 2s.; gallery, 1s. Tickets for the concert—reserved sofa stalls or first row balcony, 10s. 6d.; second row balcony, 7s.; third row balcony, 5s.; back balcony, 3s.; area, 2s.; gallery, 1s. Tickets for the public rehearsal, and for unreserved seats at the concert, to be had of Messrs. Cramer and Co., No. 201 Regent-street; Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50 New Bond-street; Messrs. Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48 Cheapside; and of Mr. Austin, ticket office, St. James's-hall, Piccadilly. Tickets for reserved seats, at the concert, of Messrs. Cramer and Co., 201 Regent-street; and of Mr. Austin, ticket office, Piccadilly. The subscription for the series of five concerts and five public rehearsals is £2 2s. for first-row balcony; £1 11s. 6d. for second-row balcony.
W. J. NICHOLLS, Hon. Sec.

MUSICAL UNION.—First Matinée, Tuesday, April 5, half-past 3.—Quartet No. 62, in F, Haydn; Grand Sonata D minor, op. 49, Weber; Nocturne in F, op. 31, Spohr; solos, pianoforte, Chopin, &c. Artists, Sainton, Kies, Webb, and Paque, S. Pratten, Barret, Lazarus, Winterbottom, Harper and F. Pratten, from the Royal Italian opera band. Pianist—Halle, visitors tickets half-a-guinea each, to be had of Cramer and Wood, Chappell and Co., Olivier, Ashdown and Parry, and Austin at St. James's Hall. In the course of the season Sivori, Wieniawski and Josephim will successively lead with Jacquard and Davidoff, violin-cellists.—Halle, Jaell, Joseph Wieniawski, and other eminent pianists.
J. ELLA, Director, 18 Hanover Square.

"JESSY LEA."

MR. GERMAN REED begs to announce that TWO REPRESENTATIONS will be given WEEKLY of his highly successful Opera di Camera Entertainment, entitled "JESSY LEA," written by JONX OXENFORD, Esq., and composed by G. A. MACFARREN, Esq., commencing TUESDAY AFTERNOON NEXT, April 5, at Three o'clock, and SATURDAY EVENING following at Eight. Miss POOLE, Mr. WHIFFIN, Mr. RALPH WILKINSON and Miss ROBERTINE HENDERSON (her first appearance)—Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14, Regent Street. Stalls (spring chairs), 5s.; Stalls, 3s.; Unreserved, 1s. and 2s. Stalls may be secured (without fee) in advance.

MR. ARTHUR SKETCHLEY will appear at the EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly, in his New Entertainments, entitled "PARIS," and "MRS BROWN AT THE PLAY," EVERY EVENING (except Saturday) at Eight, and on SATURDAY MORNING at Three. Stalls, 3s.; Second Seats, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. The Box Office at the Hall will be open between the hours of Eleven and Five daily.

SONGS OF SCOTLAND.—MUSIC HALL, STORE STREET.—EVERY MONDAY at EIGHT.—Mr. KENNEDY, the popular Scottish Vocalist, having concluded a highly successful Provincial Tour, will COMMENCE his SECOND LONDON SEASON on MONDAY NEXT, April 4, with a NEW ENTERTAINMENT, entitled "THE FARMER'S INGLE," including favorite Old Ballads, Humorous Songs and Anecdotes. Mr. Kennedy has much pleasure in announcing that Mr. LAND, the accompanist of the celebrated Mr. Wilson, will again preside at the Pianoforte. Admission 1s., 2s., 3s.

MR. W. H. HOLMES and Mr. G. W. HAMMOND will be assisted by Madame LEMMENS-SHERINGTON, Mr. J. BALSIN CHATTERTON (Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen), Mr. BLACKROBE and Mr. LEMMENS, at their FIRST PIANOFORTE and MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT, at the HANOVER SQUARE Rooms, Saturday Morning, April 16th, Half-past Two. Tickets (all reserved)—Series, One Guinea; Single Concert, 10s. 6d.
36 and 39 Beaumont Street, Marylebone.

MR. DEACON begs to announce that he will give three Matinees of Classical Instrumental Music, at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, on Mondays, April 25th, May 9th and June 6th, to commence at Three o'clock. Particulars will be duly announced. 10 Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square.

MR. and MRS. HOWARD PAUL will give their Entertainment THIS DAY, at the Crystal Palace. Mrs. HOWARD PAUL will introduce SIMS REEVES's new Songs, "FRESH AS A ROSE" and "MARY DEAR." Mr. EMILE BERGER will also introduce his new Pianoforte Solo, "WAVERLEY."

MISS MINA POOLE has the honor to announce that her FIRST EVENING CONCERT will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE Rooms, 14th of April. Further particulars will be duly announced. 110 Camden Road Villas, N.W.

"KILLARNEY."

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing BALFE's popular Song, "KILLARNEY," at Westbourne Hall, Wednesday Evening, April 6th.

MR. W. H. CUMMINGS will sing VAN PRAAG's new Song, "THE NEW DREAM HATH FLED" (Poetry by DESMOND RYAN), at Pimlico, April 7th, and at the Hanover Square Rooms, April 11th.

MR. EMILE BERGER will play his new Pianoforte Solo, "WAVERLEY," at Barnsbury, April 4th, and Kennington, April 16th.

MR. G. W. HAMMOND will play, for the first time, his two MUSICAL SKETCHES for the Pianoforte, "SHADOWS AND SUNBEAMS" (MS.), at the Hanover Square Rooms, April 16th.

HERR LEHMEYER will play his new NOTTURNO and GRAND GALOP during Mr. LEVY's tournee at Newcastle, Sunderland, Leeds, Bishop Auckland, Darlington, Dewsbury, Bury, Manchester, Liverpool, Bradford, Edinburgh, Glasgow, &c.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce that she is in Town for the Season. All letters respecting engagements, &c., to be addressed to Mr. H. Jarrett, Musical Agent, at Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244 Regent Street.

MISS ROSE HERSEE, during her Provincial Tour, is engaged to sing at Newcastle, Shields, Sunderland, Stockton, Darlington, Halifax, Huddersfield, Todmorden, Dewsbury, Stockport, Manchester, Liverpool, &c., and will return to Town for the Season at the end of April. Communications to be addressed to No. 2 Crescent Place, Burton Crescent, W.C.

MDLLE. LOUISE LIEBHART will arrive in Town for the Season on the 10th April. Communications for engagements, public or private, to be addressed to Mr. Jarrett, Musical and Concert Agent, 244 Regent Street, W.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS will return to London on the 8th of April. Letters to be sent to No. 4 Torrington Street, Russell Square. Rue de Rivoli, Paris, March 29th.

MR. KUHE begs to announce that he has arrived in London for the Season, and that he has removed from York Place to 15 Somerset Street, Portman Square, W.

MR. DAVID LAMBERT, Vocalist (Bass), late of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St. George's. Communications respecting engagements to be addressed to 34 Old Elvet, Durham.

MASTER WILLIE PAPE has returned from his Provincial Tour. His Annual Recital will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Friday Evening, May 13. For engagements, public and private, address No. 9 Soho Square.

SIGNOR and MADAME BADIA, and SIGNOR DI SAMMARINO (the Italian Tenor), have arrived in Town for the Season. Address—5 Oxford Terrace, Hyde Park, W.

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Mr. Van Praag flatters himself that, after his many years' experience, and the ample satisfaction he has hitherto given to the Musical Profession and the Public in general, he may be again favored with their commands.

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MUSIC IN BERLIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I have heard it frequently asserted, and my own experience certainly corroborates the assertion, that places of public amusement, especially theatres, are more than usually well attended in time of war. Such is decidedly the case at the present moment, when the Prince Royal, and "Papa Wrangel" as the old Field Marshall is familiarly called, are, with their leathern helmeted heroes of subordinate rank, employing their ardent valour against the Danes. But what *horrida bella* are incapable of doing, the still *horrider* weather can effect with the greatest ease, at the Royal Opera-House at least, for it produces colds, and colds prevent singers from singing, and, the fact being only announced, the public stop away in consequence. This is an unsatisfactory state of things, you must allow, especially as, in a very short time, Mdle. Lucca will leave for London, and during her absence many favourite operas will be shelved altogether, or her part in them assumed by some one or other who will only make the audience more savage with Mr. Gye for having spirited away the fair and charming artist. Berlin is very proud of Mdle. Lucca, I can assure you, especially since she made such a hit last season at Covent Garden, and Berlin is right. Artists of her calibre are not found every day, and, despite the old proverb that "there are as good fish in the sea as e'er came out," I cannot help thinking that, unless there is soon a great change for the better among the fair aspirants for the honours of the lyric stage in Germany, managers will experience some difficulty in finding successors to the present *prime donne*, when the latter retire. I am led to make these observations by a *debut*, which I witnessed and heard the other day at the Royal Opera house. Mdle. — but why mention her name? *Cela ne fait rien à l'affaire*. Well then, a young lady came out—to go in again immediately—as Isabella in *Robert le Diable*. She was an unmistakable, indisputable, and decided failure. Even had she been the most accomplished vocalist in the world, she was so nervous that she could hardly emit a sound. "*Vox faucibus hæsit*." However immaterial such a fact would be in the ballet, where love, despair, indignation, hope, and every other sentiment agitating the human breast are pleasingly, if not always quite intelligibly, expressed by *entrechats* and *pirouettes*, executed by legs encased in the most fascinating of fleshings, it is rather a drawback in opera. But the poor thing was *not* the most accomplished vocalist in the world. Far from it. Had she been in full possession of all her faculties natural and acquired, she ought never to have appeared at an establishment of such importance as the Royal Opera-House. The truth is that she was another example added to the many examples with which we are already acquainted, of the over-eagerness characterising the present age, which, in art as in mercantile speculation, desires to go ahead too fast; hence *fiascos* in the one case, and bankruptcy in the other. As I have frequently before remarked, I really am at a loss to understand how the management can allow so many novices to encumber a stage which ought to be trod only by natural talent of a high order, developed and embellished by long, judicious, and patient study. But to leave this mistaken *débutante*, and speak of something more agreeable, I must say I was highly pleased with, and rather astonished at, Mdle. Santer, who sustained the part of Alice. I never previously heard her to such advantage. It is evident that she is doing all in her power to make the most of her great natural gifts. If she continues to follow this plan, there can be no doubt of her assuming, at no distant period, a high position on the lyrico-dramatic stage.

The other operas performed have been *Les Deux Journées*; *Die Lustigen Weiber von Windsor*; *Oberon*; *La Reole*; *Gzaar und Zimmermann*; and *Le Domino Noir*. *Le Nozze* was to have been given, but had to be postponed on account of the indisposition of some of the singers engaged in it.

Of concerts there have been, or has been—*comme vous voudrez*—plenty.—First on the list comes the concert given in the Englisches Haus by M. de Vroye, the flute *virtuoso*. He played works by Weber, Bach, Gounod and, though last not least, Mozart, and was warmly applauded, as he was, also, in the "Carnaval de Venise" with which he wound up the entertainment. He was assisted by Madlle. Andie Munster; Herr Ehrlich, and Dr. Bruns. The next concert to which I will call your attention is that given by the pupils of Dr. Th. Kullak's Neue Akademie der Tonkunst, who now number 194, which I think is pretty well, and speaks

volumes in favour of the esteem in which the Academie is held. All the pieces executed by these aspirants to the honour of the stage, the orchestra and the concert-room respectively, were highly satisfactory, and afforded a convincing proof of the excellent system of instruction pursued by Dr. Kullak and his able coadjutors.

A less satisfactory concert was that given by the Berliner Sängerschaft, which latter I will English, at the risk of exciting your idiomatic ire, as the Berlin Singers' Guild. It was for the benefit of the relatives of those Prussian soldiers who have fallen in the Schleswig-Holstein war. The singers of the Singers' Guild could boast, however, of a far greater amount of patriotism than of vocal skill, a fact mournfully evidenced by the way in which they executed—I employ the word "executed" knowingly, and with a stern desire that the reader shall interpret it according to its least favorable acceptation—in which, I repeat, they executed Mendelssohn's "Festgesang an die Künstler." Mdle. Rönneberg and Herr Zürn were the soloists. The lady sang the conclusion of the grand air from *La Fille du Regiment*, and Lachner's *Wald-vöglein*. Herr Zürn performed two pieces, with great applause, on the violoncello. Pecuniarily, the concert was, I have been informed, a great success. Artistically, it was a failure. Another concert was that given by Erk's Choral Association for Male Voices. It took place recently, and went off admirably. This Association is established for the performance of small unpretending national songs, which, however, are rendered in the first style of excellence. A concert was given, also, by the Gemischter Verein, or Mixed Association, when Herren Paul Schmidt, Grünwald, and Espenhahn performed, not irreproachably, Beethoven's Trio in C minor (Op. 1), and Mdle. Franziska Schultz attempted the "Shadow Song" from *Dinorah*.

A concert of more mark than the preceding was the annual concert of Herr Julius Stahlknecht, who is acknowledged to be the first violoncellist in Berlin. The novelties on the occasion were a violoncello concerto, in three movements, and a Fantasia for the same instrument, with a quintet accompaniment. Both pieces were much applauded, and will, doubtless, prove a desirable addition to violoncello music. Herr Gustav Schmidt performed Chopin's Scherzo in B flat minor, and two smaller works of his own composition. One of the last two—"Das Märchen"—is a pleasing trifle. Mdle. Braun sang the grand air from *Der Freischütz*, and songs by Mendelssohn and Schubert. In the course of the evening, Mdle. Böttcher declaimed, with considerable warmth of feeling, a poem entitled "Medea," in which she was encored. At the conclusion of the concert, Herr Stahlknecht was presented, by his colleagues, with a laurel wreath. Like other continental nations, the Germans are exceedingly fond of a little bit of sentimentalism, now and then.

A grand Matinée Musicale has been given—like the concert of the Singers' Guild, already chronicled—for the benefit of the relatives of those Prussian heroes who have fallen in the Schleswig-Holstein war. The executants were the bands of the Regiments of the Guard. The conductor and promoter was Herr Wieprecht, and the *locale* the large hall of the new Börse, or Exchange. The building has turned out to be so well-adapted for musical purposes, that I should not be at all surprised if concerts are frequently given in it on future occasions. I have no doubt the permission of the heads of the Merchant-Guild, to which, I believe, the edifice belongs, might easily be obtained. But to return to Herr Wieprecht and his band. The principal pieces performed by the latter were the "Funeral March" from Beethoven's Sonata in A flat major, the overture to *Ernani*, and Meyerbeer's "Fackeltanz" in C minor. Mdle. De Ahna sang Spontini's national song, "Borussia." Of course, under the circumstances, the young lady gave it with more than ordinary spirit and emphasis, and, equally of course, the audience greeted it with frantic applause. The hall was crammed, and among the audience were some very distinguished individuals, including the King, the Princes Alexander and George, Count Redern, etc.

So much for mundane concerts. With regard to the sacred concerts usual at this period of the year, they were ushered in, on Saturday, the 19th, by the concert given by Herr Kriger in the Dorotheenstädtische Kirche, which has lately been redecorated and repaired. The chorus sang several pieces from Bach's *Easter Cantata*; the "Kyrie" and "Agnus Dei" from Robert Schumann's Mass, Mdle. Decker singing the "Offertorium"; two

sacred songs, *a capella*, by Herr Taubert; and a hymn, with tenor solo, by Herr Krigar. The solo was entrusted to a gentleman rejoicing in a name which cannot be called common; it is Czechowsky. A good sneeze, when you are uttering it, will greatly facilitate a right pronunciation of the second syllable. I own I prefer the gentleman's voice to his name; it is flexible and pleasing. Herr Zschiesche—another nice name, by the way—and Mdlle. Bär sang sundry airs from *St. Paul* and *The Messiah*, and Herr Succo performed two organ-pieces by Johann Sebastian Bach. Altogether the concert was highly interesting, both on account of the works selected and of the manner in which they were rendered, by vocalists as well as instrumentalists.

Dr. Hans von Bülow has left for St. Petersburg, to conduct the last concert given by the Philharmonic Society this season, and to display his talent as a pianist. There is one thing very certain—his auditors will have enough of the composers of the future. Among the works of these gifted individuals, I should not be surprised if Dr. von Bülow inserted a trifle or two by papa-in-law, Liszt.—I see, by the papers, that the original score of Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte* will shortly be put up for sale. It forms part of the estate of a bankrupt Dresden banker. Here is a chance for the British Museum. Why do you not get Mr. Ap'Mutton to write and apprise Mr. Panizzi of the fact? VALE.

[Mr. Ap'Mutton—whose attention has been directed by the Editor to "Vale's" last four sentences—begs to remind that lively correspondent that it was through the British Museum having declined to purchase the original score of *Don Giovanni*, for a modest sum, that it came into the possession of Madame Viardot. Nevertheless, had Herr Ernst Pauer—to whose care it was confided—thought proper to advertise the fact of its being "for sale," Mr. Ap'Mutton feels sure that so precious a manuscript would never have gone out of England. But Herr Pauer did not think proper.]

LEIPZIG.—On the 8th inst., the Euterpe Musical Association gave its 10th and last concert for the season, and thereby fully sustained its previous high reputation. The programme commenced with Liszt's *Faust* Symphony, the vocal solos being sung by Herr Schild, and the choruses by the Arion Vocal Association, while Madame Pohl, from Weimar, undertook the music for the harp. The Symphony was followed by the second and third movements of Berlioz's *Harold* Symphony, already performed here a year ago. Herr Schild then sang a recitative and air from Méhul's *Joseph in Egypt*. The last piece was Beethoven's third *Leonore* overture. The entire concert gave great satisfaction to a numerous audience.—At the twentieth and last Gewandhaus Concert, the programme included Handel's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" (first time of performance in this city) and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. The vocal solos were entrusted to Madame Milde, Madlle. Lessiak, Herren Sabbath and Schild.—Herr Helbig, a music master and candidate for holy orders, has just presented to the Conservatory of Music the sum of 1000 thalers—about £150—"the result of years of work and the avoidance of extravagance." The interest is to be expended every year in the purchase of music to be presented, with an appropriate inscription on the fly leaf, at Easter, to the best pupils, male or female, of the institution. The Committee have accepted the money and determined to call the exhibition founded with it the "Helbig-Exhibition."

ST. PETERSBURGH.—Mdlle. Caroline Barbot appears to have created an extraordinary sensation at the Italian Opera here by her performance of Desdemona in *Otello*, at her benefit. More bouquets and garlands than would serve to decorate a palace, we are told, were thrown on the stage. In fact it rained flowers from boxes, stalls, galleries and orchestra, the conductor flinging a bouquet of prodigious size at the feet of the artist. Mdlle. Barbot was recalled so often that the writer of the article gave up counting from sheer fatigue. The emperor was present—in person—and complimented the charming *cantatrice*; but the admirers of the lady did more than his Majesty, for they presented her with a magnificent diadem of gold, sown with pearls and diamonds. Mdlle. Barbot's success in the character of Marguerite in *Faust* prepared the public for her success in Desdemona, and Rosini's music suited her almost as well as M. Gounod's. Why Mdlle. Barbot is not in London at one of the Italian Operas surprises the fair singer more than anybody else.

LISBON.—Madame Tedesco selected *Le Prophète* for her benefit. She herself took the part of Fides, and was well supported by Signori Mengini, Garulli, and Beneventano.

ROME.—Madame Trebelli-Bettini, and her husband, Sig. Alessandro Bettini, are engaged for the autumn season.

THE ITALIAN OPERAS.

(From the "Times" of Saturday, March 26.)

The Italian Opera season is at hand, and once again the problem has to be solved whether this great capital, populous as it is and decidedly musical, be ready and willing to extend such help to two vast establishments, kept up exclusively for the performance of lyric dramas in a foreign tongue, as shall enable either or both to support an honorable and not altogether unprofitable existence. Since it was first tried, in 1847, various have been the ups and downs by which the managers of either theatre have had to pass, various and at times disheartening the shifts to which they have been put. Now a brilliant series of triumphs, now a succession of more or less disastrous failures, now a plain season of moderate jogging on, in which if little head was made as little peril was incurred—such the vicissitudes that, at irregular periods, both the old house and the new have undergone. Her Majesty's Theatre has occasionally halted a stage or two in its march, but its rival, neither disheartened by the commercial ruin of a first and second government, nor dismayed by the terrible warning of a conflagration, has through every wind and weather, with dogged pertinacity, held on its way. Moreover, while for 15 years (dating from 1849) the Royal Italian Opera has been under the supreme control of one and the same director, the theatre in the Haymarket since 1859, when Mr. Lumley, the most popular, if not most lucky-starred of modern managers, abandoned the reins,—has, with changing fortunes, submitted to the authority of no less than two speculators. The last of these—Mr. Mapleson—is now about commencing the third year of office, Mr. Gye, at Covent Garden, making at the same time his 16th appeal to the operatic public. Each has issued a prospectus in the accustomed form, and each prospectus offers points of considerable interest.

To begin with the Royal Italian Opera, which opens nearly a fortnight in advance of the other theatre:—although some familiar names are missing which figured in the prospectus of last year, their absence is in most instances easily explained, and in some instances hardly to be regretted. Mademoiselle Fioretti, as opera-goers may remember, after obtaining a well-merited success, absconded without notice, in the middle of the season; Herr Formes has returned to the United States of North America; and M. Zelger, owing to chronic illness, has renounced the stage. On the other hand, Signor Caffieri, the German tenor, who appeared in *Guillaume Tell*, was a failure; M. Obin, who came out as Bertram (*Robert*), was by no means a success; and Mademoiselle Elvira Demi's single and singular appearance, as Martha, rather excited the hilarity than raised the admiration of subscribers. Mademoiselle Carlotta Patti sang only in concerts, before or after the operatic performances—which concerts, under the circumstances, were more of a bore than a boon; while Mesdames Dottini, Maurenai and de Maffei, Signors Ferenesi and Patriossi were all outsiders, of little or no mark. The only artist of distinction whose secession might justify a protest is Madame Miolan Carvalho; but as that lady was exclusively engaged to play in *Faust*, and Mr. Gye now announces two representatives of the character of Margaret (Mademoiselles Pauline Lucca and Adeline Patti), neither of whom is likely to prove unacceptable to his patrons, it would be somewhat over-exacting to ask him for a third. Besides, his present list of singers is uncommonly strong. Among the ladies no less than four are new to the English public—Mademoiselle Destinn, the superfluous double consonant at the end of whose patronymic looks ominously Teutonic, and who, indeed, is announced as "from Vienna;" Mademoiselle Giuseppini Tati (from Lisbon); Mademoiselle Garulli (from Milan); and Mademoiselle Emilia Lagrua. Of the first two it can merely be surmised that, as Mademoiselle Destinn is to appear in Azucena, and Mademoiselle Tati in Fides, the former is a *contralto*, the latter a *mezzo-soprano*; while Mademoiselle Garulli, not being advertised for any character in particular, is, it may be presumed, a *comprimaria*, or "utility" lady. The name of the fourth new-comer, Mademoiselle Lagrua, has for many years been European—it may even be said, with propriety, world-renowned, inasmuch as her repertory extends to both shores of the Atlantic. This lady should long ago have been heard in a country to which, from distant regions, her praises have continually been wafted—praises to which our *impresarii* seem to have been unwarrantably deaf. Mademoiselle Lagrua's voice is a *soprano*, and her repertory that of high lyric tragedy—as may be guessed from the parts assigned to her in Mr. Gye's prospectus,—to wit, Norma, the three Leonoras (Verdi's, Donizetti's, and Beethoven's), Donna Anna, Desdemona, &c. It remains to be proved whether Mr. Gye has at length discovered, if not another Sophie Cruvelli, at least a not unworthy representative of the Grial line of characters.

On the side of the gentlemen are found three unfamiliar names—Scalèse, Attri, and Schmid. To Signor Scalèse—at present chief *buffo* in the Paris Italian Opera—are allotted such parts as Dr. Bartolo (Rossini's), Leporello, &c. He enjoys a fair reputation. Signor Attri was last heard of at Florence, where his performance of Mephistopheles, in the universally admired opera of M. Gounod, brought him unanimous approval. His Mephistopheles, indeed, has, by competent judges,

been pronounced the very best on the stage. Whether this be true or not, Mr. Gye would hardly have been warranted in depriving M. Faure of a character in which that careful artist afforded such unequivocal gratification last year; for a time, therefore, the patrons of the Royal Italian Opera must be content to adjudge the capabilities of Signor Attri by the standard of parts like Basilio (Rossini's), Balthazar (*La Favorita*), Walter (*Guillaume Tell*), Elmo (*Otello*), &c.—in short, by the repertory of late years chiefly shared between Herr Fornes and the always "at home" M. Tagliafico, "always at home," whether his task amounts to 40 lines or 20 "lengths," which last, in theatrical parlance, means 20 times 40 lines. Signor Attri's voice, a "*basso profondo*," is highly spoken of. Herr Schmid—familiarily known at the Imperial Opera of Vienna as "Dr. Schmidt"—is another deep bass. He, too, enjoys a good share of renown among modern operatic singers; and he, too, is destined, in certain characters (Marcel and Bertram among the rest), to fill the place left vacant by Herr Fornes, and in one particular part—the Commendatore (*Don Giovanni*)—to put aside M. Tagliafico. Of the last responsibility we wish him joy; for assuredly M. Tagliafico was never yet equalled, still less surpassed, in the statue-scene of Mozart's immortal work. So much for the new comers, to whom there only remains to add Herr Wachtel, the Viennese tenor, whose *début* in Edgardo (1862) was not such as to warrant "great expectations," but whose improvement within the last two years is reported "extraordinary." Herr Wachtel will play Manrico, Jean of Leyden, Arnoldo (Signor Tamberlik notwithstanding?), &c.

The most distinguished members of the old company, with scarcely an exception, being retained, it almost suffices to state that important and welcome fact. In the prospectus, however, we are informed that since last summer Mademoiselle Adeline Patti has been winning fresh laurels, has sung to a "*Parterre de Princes*" (at the Frankfort Congress), has had more than one interview and received more than one marked condescension from Her Majesty the Queen of Spain—all of which is easy to be credited. Not that either the "*Parterre de Princes*" or Her Majesty of Spain was required to persuade Mademoiselle Patti's English admirers of her genius; but that, having been the first to discover it on this side of the Atlantic, it is gratifying to them to find their opinion endorsed by so many illustrious connoisseurs. In addition to the large range of parts which fell to her last year, Mademoiselle Patti is to assume, for the first time, Susanna in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and Margherita in *Faust*—besides Dinorah, in Meyerbeer's charming comic opera, which she once essayed at the end of 1862, with what brilliant results will not be unremembered. Upon Mademoiselle Pauline Lucca, too, the prospectus dwells with pardonable eloquence. On her return to Berlin at the end of last season, "full of honors," the King granted her "an annual *congé* of three months"—which "three months" the director of the Royal Italian Opera has been sufficiently fortunate to negotiate. Mademoiselle Lucca, as might have been expected, will make her new *début* as Valentine, in the *Huguenots*. Furthermore, among other characters, she is set down for Cherubino, in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and Catarina, in Meyerbeer's grand opera *L'Etoile du Nord*—which last, in default of that provokingly reticent *Africaine*, will be accepted as a most agreeable and handsome revival. Who is to play Margherita first—Mademoiselle Lucca or Mademoiselle Patti—we do not find stated; nor what arts Mr. Gye has been able to use, in order to persuade the two young ladies that it is good for themselves, no less than for the theatre, to make common property of this romantic and fascinating personage. At Berlin there were three Margarets—Mademoiselle Lucca, Mademoiselle Harriers Wippen, and Mademoiselle de Ahna; but there Mademoiselle Lucca had it all her own way—which is not likely to be the case with such a rival as Mademoiselle Adeline Patti. A word or two about the other favorites:—Signor Mario, in addition to the operas in which he has most recently been heard, will now—to the general satisfaction, it may be taken for granted—resume the parts of Nemorino (*L'Elisir*) and Fernando (*La Favorita*), neither of which he has played for seven or eight years; besides, for the first time, impersonating Faust, which, if the music suits his voice, is likely to win a fresh run of popularity for that fortunate opera. M. Naudin (Signor Tamberlik, notwithstanding?) adds Robert le Diable to his repertory; *Otello* is to be revived for Signor Tamberlik (and Mademoiselle Lagrua); Signor Ronconi is at length to try Don Pasquale on the London boards; Signor Graziani will attempt *Guillaume Tell* and the Count in *Le Nozze di Figaro*; M. Faure is put down for *Figaro*, in the last-named opera, as well as for Peter the Great, in the *Etoile du Nord* (which, as successor to the original, M. Bataille, he supported with great credit at the Opéra Comique); and various other responsibilities are allotted to Mademoiselle Marie Battu, Mademoiselle Antonietta Frisci, &c. The useful and intelligent Madame Rudersdorff is still in the company, to undertake any task at a moment's notice (having almost every part in the operatic repertory at her "finger's ends"); Signors Ciampi, Polonini, Lucchesi, and other lesser stars, are here to do good service as of old; and another chance is to be afforded Signor Colonese, the new barytone,

who is young enough to redeem his last year's quasi-fiasco, and who possesses a voice worth the pains of learning how to manage.

In the ballet, besides Mademoiselle Salvioni, who has won such favor of late years, we are promised Mademoiselle Zina Richard—now one of the first dancers in Europe, as all who occasionally visit Paris are aware. That Mr. Costa remains at his post, that the orchestra and chorus are unchanged, that Mr. W. Beverley still presides over the scenic department, and that Mr. Augustus Harris resumes his duties as stage manager, may be accepted as matters of course. These departments are too adequately represented for any alterations to be advisable or prudent.

Among the features in the prospectus demanding special mention are the promised revivals of *L'Etoile du Nord*, *Fidelio*, (for Mademoiselle Lagrua), and *Dinorah* (for Mademoiselle Patti, with Signor Graziani, in place of M. Faure, as Hoel)—in addition to others to which cursory allusion has been made, and among which the most interesting is *Le Nozze di Figaro*. The novelties are to be an Italian version of the late Otto Nicolai's *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor* (for Mademoiselle Lucca and Herr Schmid), an opera which has long enjoyed more than common popularity in Germany, and Signor Verdi's last work, *La Forza del Destino*, the four chief characters in which are assigned to Mademoiselle Lagrua, Madame Nantier Didié, Signors Graziani and Tamberlik, for whom they were composed, and who originally played them when the opera was brought out at St. Petersburg. The theatre will open on Tuesday, the 29th inst., with Bellini's *Norma*—the palpable excuse for setting out with so familiar a work being the fact that the character of the heroine is to be impersonated by Mademoiselle Emilia Lagrua.

Mr. Mapleson's prospectus is, on the whole, calculated to afford satisfaction to the patrons of Her Majesty's Theatre. Glancing at the programme of last year, it is true, we miss some names of importance, and in the catalogue of "first ladies" that of a singer who, considering the legitimate success she achieved as Violetta and Maria ("Daughter of the Regiment"), the only two parts in which she appeared, will be missed by the public also—we allude to Mademoiselle Artôt, an artist of unquestionable ability, and likely to have proved of essential use to the theatre. The engagements of Madame Alboni and Mr. Sims Reeves, however, were provisional; in other words, the services of those eminent singers were merely enlisted for one or two particular operas; Signor Baragli, the new and over much extolled tenor, will hardly be regretted; while Signor Violelli, the *basso profondo*, though for several years a clever and zealous member of the establishment, is not extremely difficult to replace. The list as it now stands is sufficiently ample in each category. At the head of the "absolute prima donnas" it would have been a grievous disappointment not to meet with the honored name of Mademoiselle Teresa Tietjens; nor would subscribers have felt satisfied at not seeing that of Madame Trebelli, who stands in the foremost rank of living contraltos. The names of both are there, however, surrounded by those of others, some personally familiar and admired in this country, some only favorably known by report. Among the former are Mademoiselle Volpini, one of the liveliest and most intelligent singing actresses now on the Italian stage, and Mademoiselle Louise Liebhart, from Vienna, who made so sensible an impression last year; among the latter is Mademoiselle Harriers Wippen, from the Royal Opera of Berlin, an artist of high repute, who, during the extraordinary run of *Faust* in the Prussian capital, divided the part of Margaret with Mademoiselles Pauline Lucca and De Ahna. Add to these, three new comers—Mesdemoiselles Giuseppina Vitali, Eleonora Grossi, and Bettleheim—of the first of whom (*soprano*) we know no more than that she is from Bologna, of the second (*contralto*) that she enjoys good repute at Rome and Barcelona, of the third (also *contralto*) that both her voice and talent are extolled by those who frequent the Imperial opera at Vienna; and (with the exception of the useful Mademoiselle Tacchini—the Martha of Mr. Mapleson's *Faust*—and Mademoiselle Tomasini) the whole troop of lady singers, *prime donne* and *comprimes*, have been named. Among the tenors—with Signor Giuglini at the head—appears a new name, that of Signor Fancelli, of whom, when it is stated that he comes from the San Carlo of Naples, all has been said for which we have any authority. Signor Geremia Bettini, famous as a *tenore robusto*, who had too few opportunities of distinguishing himself last year, Signor A. Bettini (husband of Madame Trebelli), and Signor Volpini (husband of Madame Volpini) swell out the catalogue. The barytones include M. Gassier, one of the most serviceable as well as one of the most talented members of the company; Signor Fagotti, who will be remembered as having played Rigoletto when Mr. E. T. Smith got up Italian opera at Drury-lane; and Mr. Santley, second, at the present moment, to no barytone singer in Europe, indigenous or exotic. Among the basses are no less than five new comers—Signors Benedetto Mazzetti, Gasperoni, Marriotti, Manfredi, and Marcello Juncà. Of the first four—who may be described generally and conveniently as "from the principal theatres in Italy"—nothing here is known. It is to be hoped they may prove to be four "Lablaches." Signor Juncà—or

rather M. Junca—was, if we are not mistaken, originally at the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris, whence he emigrated to New York, where he has been well spoken of by competent authorities. Signors Fricca, Rossi, Bertacchi, and Casaboni complete the unusually extended catalogue of basses, for all of whom it will be a somewhat difficult task to find employment.

The orchestra and chorus, which gained such well-earned laurels in *Faust* last season—the first “numerically reinforced,” the last “strengthened by important additions,” from the theatres at Turin—are again under the direction of Signor Arditì, who by universal consent now holds a foremost rank among operatic conductors, and whose co-operation has proved of material importance to the interests of the theatre which he serves with such indefatigable zeal. Among the operas to be produced, in addition to the established repertory, is *La Forza del Destino*, in “the *dénouement*” of which (the prospectus informs us) Signor Verdi has undertaken to make certain modifications, and of which he is personally to superintend the production. Otto Nicolai’s *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*—under the title of *Le Donne Allegre di Windsor*—is also to be given, with a strong cast, including Mademoiselle Tietjens (Madame Ford), Mademoiselle Bettelheim, the new *contralto* (Madame Page), Mademoiselle Vitali, the new *soprano* (Anne Page), Signor Giuglini (Fenton), Mr. Santley (Ford), M. Gassier (Page), and Signor Junca, the new bass (Falstaff). *Der Freischütz*, *Anna Bolena*, and *Fidelio* are to be revived. The distribution of the principal parts in Beethoven’s great work is attractive—comprising Mademoiselle Tietjens (Fidelio), Mademoiselle Liebhart (Marcellina), Signor Guiglini (Florestan), Mr. Santley (Pizarro), M. Gassier (The Minister), and Signor Junca (Rocco). But the feature of the programme calculated to raise the largest amount of curiosity is the announcement of no greater or lesser a curiosity than Herr Richard Wagner’s notoriously celebrated opera, *Tannhäuser*. What has induced the manager to throw down the gauntlet to Paris, and draw the sword on behalf of the musical apostle of “The Future,” may be best explained in the words of the prospectus:—

“*Tannhäuser* is the most celebrated dramatic composition of Herr Richard Wagner, whose merits have been a topic of discussion throughout Europe for the last 15 years. The romantic story, founded on one of the most ancient and picturesque of the Thuringian legends, has made this opera popular even with the most staunch opponents of what is styled ‘the Music of the Future.’ Musicians, however, are unanimous in pronouncing it the masterpiece of its composer; and the director of Her Majesty’s Theatre thinks that the production of a work representing more forcibly than any other a school of dramatic music which, though it has engaged attention and invited controversy for nearly a quarter of a century, is still comparatively unknown in this country, will afford gratification to the patrons of Her Majesty’s Theatre.”

Who knows?—possibly *Tannhäuser*, if brought out with all the promised “splendour and completeness,” may take the town by storm; and then—and then, by all means let us have *Lohengrin* (if not *Tristan* and the *Nibelungen*, hitherto found impracticable even by the German Wagnerites at Vienna and elsewhere). How Italian singers will deal with the Wagnerian strains is matter for conjecture; but with such a persevering chief as Signor Arditì to teach and urge them on, there is no knowing what may be effected. At all events, *Tannhäuser*, successful or the contrary, will stamp the season, 1864, with a mark to distinguish it in the records of Her Majesty’s Theatre from other seasons of less adventurous tendency.

For the ballet the arrangements are varied and promising enough. Among the new dancers are Mademoiselle Aranyvary (from Milan), who has been much talked of; and Mademoiselle Caterina Beretta (from Naples and Turin), by unanimous agreement one of the most accomplished living professors of her art. The others may speak (or gesticulate) for themselves. Two new ballets are announced, Signor Magri’s *Amori di Bacco*, and Signor Viena’s *Emma*—the first for Mademoiselle Aranyvary, the last for Mademoiselle Beroetta—besides a “*divertissement*.” Signor Ammaturo is again principal *danseur*; the *corps de ballet* is, as usual, under the competent superintendence of M. Petit; and, to conclude, the scenic department is confided to Mr. Telbin (assisted by Mr. Henry Telbin), who, among other things, is said to be preparing new scenery for M. Gounod’s *Faust*, a new *sun* for *Oberon* (not before it was wanted), and all sorts of picturesque details for *Tannhäuser*.

The theatre opens on Saturday, April 9, with Signor Verdi’s *Rigoletto*, in which the new *soprano*, Mademoiselle Giuseppina Vitali, is to make her *début*, and Signor Giuglini (for the first time) to play the Duke.

BARCELONA.—It is said that the *mise en scène* of M. Gounod’s *Faust* will have cost 100,000 francs, or £4000.—The pianist, Signor Gennaro Perelli has been giving concerts here, having previously done so in Valladolid, Alicante, and Valencia.

COLOGNE.—It is now definitely decided that the Rhenish Musical Festival will be held here this year.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

The eighth and final season of the Pyne and Harrison management was brought to a termination on Saturday evening, the 19th ult., with an entertainment given for the joint benefit of the directors. The pieces were *The Crown Diamonds* and *The Beggars’ Opera*. In the course of the evening the following address was circulated:—

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND THE PUBLIC.

“Ladies and Gentlemen,—As we have announced, to-night closes our management as directors of the Royal English Opera at Covent Garden. Our art-stewardship is at an end; and, although many persons may imagine that they could have managed the estate better, we can at least say, with mournful sincerity, that, unlike some stewards, we have certainly not enriched ourselves. That there may have been errors in our management we are not slow to admit; and those who criticise the actors on the larger stages of our great political theatres have, some at least, in evident kindness and favour to our enterprise, condescended to point those errors out. We have had the strongest possible motives for trying to do our best, inasmuch as we have had to rely solely on our own pecuniary resources, to depend on no energies but our own, and, in the end, to encounter loss for no one besides ourselves. It requires no very great stretch of memory to recall the time when there existed no home for English Opera—no theatre in which our native composers could secure a hearing at the bar of public criticism for works which demanded a large and well-trained body of artists to interpret them. It is our boast to be able to say that such a home, such a theatre, we have furnished, such a body of artists we have brought together. Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen accorded us her patronage for a purely English Opera; and such it has been our study, in every sense, to make it; having produced, with the exception of Meyerbeer’s *Dinorah* and Flotow’s *Martha*, solely English operas, and employing solely English artists. This now becomes a ground of accusation against us, and we are told that it has been most impolitic to exclude foreign operas from our too exclusively English house. This may be so in a pecuniary sense, but we have at least been faithful to our original purpose, and if we have, in a mistaken patriotism, lost the battle, we are the sole losers, while many, during the past eight seasons, have highly profited by our efforts. Of one most ungenerous inuendo we feel bound to take notice. In announcing a scheme, yet in embryo, for the performance of English and adaptations of foreign operas, a rather zealous partisan has said of its committee: “Its members are noblemen and gentlemen of rank and distinction, placed by their social position above the reach of unworthy motives.” Now, whether the desire to establish a permanent home for English Opera in this country on a scale to compete with establishments devoted to the performance of foreign operas, and thereby to elevate English art; to open a field for the talent of native composers and native artists, both vocal and instrumental; to bring the theatre behind the scenes into such order that the purest lady might visit it; to rule with strict discipline, without which order can never be maintained in such an establishment; to throw the whole of our respective fortunes, time and talents, into this service, and simply to desire out of it to obtain an honorable livelihood for our respective families—be unworthy motives, we willingly leave to the public to decide. In the course of our eight seasons we have produced 15 operas and 5 operettas, together with 11 revivals; all admitted to be works of excellence, though all have not commanded the success of which competent judges have pronounced them deserving. It is not too much to say that the bulk of these works would not have been composed but for the existence of the Royal English Opera; without it, if composed, would have remained in the safe guardianship of their composers. We would respectfully submit that, while dramatic art appeals to the whole public, the operatic branch of it finds but a limited audience, and that, too, the most intellectual, the most cultivated, and the most fastidious. The managers of great operatic establishments have no ultimate gauge or standard but success; and must stand or fall by the taste of their patrons. It cannot be urged in sober earnest that any person, or any association of persons, will ever be found in this country who will persevere in a steady course of failure from the mere love of art. It has been amongst the distress of our management occasionally to refuse works offered—but this has never been done without due deliberation in which we have invariably taken council of others less interested than ourselves financially, but equally interested with ourselves in the advancement of art. In some instances the libretto offered might have done good service to the columns of that admirable caricaturist, *Punch*. But as regards authorship, we have had to contend with difficulties of two classes; the manifest unfitness of many works offered for our acceptance; and the refusal of some authors to permit a perusal of their MSS. without a guarantee of performance. Now, as no opera can be produced without several weeks rehearsal, to the exclusion of all else, and the outlay on every new work varies from £2,000 to £3,000, while the risk of failure trebled if a story is unpopular, it can be well imagined that, under these circumstances, we may have unwittingly offended many authors, and missed some works which might have been successful. Liberal offers have been made to every male singer of eminence; and if these have been unwilling to join the company, we surely cannot be blamed for not having secured their services. At the close of our career we may mention with pleasure and with gratitude the receipt of many letters of congratulation from various artists,

from members of the press, and from the public generally, for the great boon conferred on them by this effort of ours to establish an English Opera. Whatever the result to our own fortunes, we feel, at any rate, that we have made an honest effort to advance the art which is to us a labour of love; and that, in the face of much discouragement, we have persevered to the end, and have fulfilled every engagement. It may remain for others to tread a more successful path to fame and fortune, but even they must learn by experience that

'They who live to please must please to live.'

"In conclusion, to all those kind friends who have laboured with us, or aided us, before or behind the curtain, we tender our respectful, our grateful thanks, and so bid our last farewell as managers to the stage of Covent Garden Theatre,

"LOUISA PYNE,
"WILLIAM HARRISON."

At the end of the performance the members of the company, some officers of the establishment, and certain musical amateurs, assembled on the stage to present testimonials to Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison. These consisted of two silver breakfast services. The service destined for Miss Louisa Pyne bore the following inscription:—"Presented to Miss Louisa Pyne by the artistes and employés of the Royal English Opera and a few lovers of native art as a tribute of gratitude and admiration, won by the eminent services which she has rendered to the national school of music by affording a home to English opera for eight successive seasons, and by the brilliant talent which she has displayed in embodying the creations of English composers." The service intended for Mr. Harrison bore the same inscription, with merely a change of name. The lessees were greeted on their appearance with acclamations, and the chair was taken by the Rev. H. Roberts, who presented the testimonials, which, he said, but poorly represented the feelings of admiration and esteem by which their donors were inspired. Mr. W. Harrison replied as follows:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—For Miss Louisa Pyne and myself, I beg most sincerely to thank you for the handsome testimonials you have now presented to us. We receive it with great pleasure at the conclusion of this our eighth and last eventful season—eventful, at least, to us, being replete with hopes, fears, and distresses—hopes that by our united efforts we should establish a permanent English opera, which probably we have laid a foundation for; fears that our great pecuniary losses would prevent our doing so; and distresses, that because we managed with strict discipline (without which in a theatre of this magnitude neither order nor respectability can ever be maintained) some spirits would be offended. However, we need only open the eyes of our intellect to see that no person or persons at the head of a large body of people can please all; some malcontents, whose minds cannot grasp the difficulties of discipline and order, or understand the propriety of maintaining it, will always arise. But it is not to those we are now addressing ourselves, but to the friendly spirits who have each in their sphere endeavoured to aid us in our onerous task. To those we would say, if any undue severity through over-zeal in our art has, during our management, ever distressed them, we are heartily sorry for it, and can truly say, 'Naught did we in real anger, but all for the love of our art.' Those who know me best are best aware of my utter incapacity to shape my thoughts into an eloquent speech; I pray you, therefore, to pardon the incompleteness of the present one, and to believe that Miss Pyne and myself feel highly honoured and grateful by this parting remembrance, which will ever be cherished in our hearts with feelings of the truest pleasure for the sympathy you have now shown us. In conclusion, I beg once more to tender our united thanks, and also to express a hope that we may meet again in a more genial atmosphere. To each and all our warmest thanks and adieus, with best wishes for health and happiness."

The above requires no comment. Some will be convinced, some unconvinced, some neither convinced nor unconvinced, some both.

ABEL GROGG.

THE TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL OF THE THREE CHOIRS.—The arrangements for the meeting at Hereford are now complete. On the morning of the first day, as usual, Haydn's *Creation* will be performed; on the second day Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. On the third morning the first part of Spohr's *Fall of Babylon*, Rossini's *Sabat Mater*, and selections from *Judas Macabæus* and *Israel in Egypt*. On the fourth day the *Messiah*. The evening scheme will comprise the following works:—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, selections from Weber's *Oberon*, and Benedict's *Richard Cœur de Lion*. The symphonies will be Beethoven's C minor, and Mozart's *Jupiter*. On Friday evening there will be a concert of chamber music.

Mr. KENNEDY commences his new entertainment, "The Farmer's Ingle," in which he will introduce several favorite old ballads, &c., at the Music Hall, Store Street, on Monday. This is Mr. Kennedy's second London season, and we have no doubt he will be as attractive as ever to the lovers of Scottish Song. Mr. E. Land, as usual, will preside at the pianoforte.

HARP CONCERTS.—On Monday evening a Concert was given in St. James's Hall, under the direction of Mr. Benedict. The choir of the Vocal Association, accompanied by harps, took part in it, and Miss Romer, Mr. Dawson and Mr. Ransford, vocalists, and Miss Fynes, pianist, further enlivened the programme. The choir commenced with the National Anthem, and in the course of the evening sang Mr. Benedict's Part-Song "Home" (unaccompanied); "The Minstrel Boy" (accompanied by harps)—encored; "Rob Roy Macgregor," arranged by Mr. Benedict (with harps)—encored; Welsh Airs, "All thro' the Night," and "March of the Men of Harlech" (with harps)—both encored; "Blue Bells of Scotland" (unaccompanied)—encored; "Scots wha hae" (harps); Welsh part-song "The dawn of day" (harps of course); part-song, "Ye Mariners of England" (harps) and ditto, "God bless the Prince of Wales" (harps). The number of encores show how much pleased were the audience. Miss Romer is, we believe, sister to the celebrated Miss Emma Romer. Like all that clever family devoted to the vocal art, Miss Romer exhibits clearness and distinctness of articulation, which not too many of our singers possess, and not too many strive to acquire. When Italians learn to sing they also learn to enunciate. The production of tone is all that appears necessary to many of our singers and many of our teachers. But Miss Romer has other merits besides this special one of distinct and accurate pronunciation. She has a good voice, sings with much skill, and is, indeed, a thorough vocalist. On Monday, in her first song—"Tis the harp in the air," from *Maritana*—she was so nervous to create a decided impression; but in her second, "Scenes of my youth," from the *Gipsy's Warning*—she was far more successful, and gave unanimous satisfaction. Those who heard Miss Romer on this occasion might well be anxious to hear her again. Mr. Dawson, a *tenorino* with *falsetto*, sang "The Pilgrim of Love" and "The Meeting of the Waters." Mr. Ransford, a favorite everywhere, gave (by desire) "Tom Bowling" and his own "Gipsy King," in which he was loudly encored. The instrumental music comprised a duet for harps called "Cambria" (J. Thomas), admirably played by Messrs. Balsir Chatterton (harpist to the Queen) and Pencerdd Gwalia; Grand March (Bocha), for all harps; and two pianoforte fantasias played by Miss Fynes—Prudent's *Lucia di Lammermoor* and Thalberg's *Elisir d'Amore*. Miss Fynes, a pupil of Professor Wylde, does his teaching infinite credit. She gave both fantasias with taste and brilliancy, and was recalled after the *Lucia*. The Hall was very full.

PLYMOUTH.—A very creditable performance of the *Creation* was given on Friday evening by the members of the Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse Choral Society, at St. George's Hall. The band and chorus, about 130 performers, went through their work with considerable precision. For the solos Miss E. Boden, Miss Bailey, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Lambert were engaged, and acquitted themselves well. Mr. Hele, the organist, and Mr. Moon, the conductor, are also entitled to commendation. The performances opened with Mozart's "Twelfth Mass," the best rendered parts of which were the introductory symphony to the "Benedictus," the quartet and chorus of the same, and the final piece, "Praise the Lord." The *Creation* was more successful. The "Representation of Chaos" was given effectively. The passages which call for notice were—Mr. Lambert's "Rolling in foaming billows;" Miss Bailey's "With verdure clad;" the trio and chorus, "The Heavens are telling;" Mr. Montem Smith's "In native worth;" the duet and chorus, "Of stars the fairest;" and the finale, "Sing the Lord, ye voices all." Between the Mass and the *Creation*, Miss Boden introduced "He was despised." The hall was filled and the audience appeared highly pleased.—*Western Daily News*, March 26.

BRIGHTON.—The English version of *Faust* has been performed at the theatre, with great success, under the conductorship of Herr Meyer Lütz—the singers being Miss Annie Thirlwall, Miss F. Rowland, Miss Lorini, Mr. Charles Lyall, Mr. Henry Corri, Mr. Eugene Dussek, and Mr. Henry Haigh—with a capital chorus. Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Galer have given their entertainment *Cousin Kate* and the *Haunted Mill* at the Pavilion, to good audiences. At the Town Hall, the St. John's Choral Society, with a band and chorus of 100 performers, held a "grand secular concert," under the direction of Mr. H. Bridge.

MR. GERMAN REED is about to re-commence the representations of Mr. Macfarren's charming Opera di Camera, *Jessie Lea*, which will be given twice a week—every Tuesday afternoon, at three, and Saturday evening at eight. *Jessie Lea*, however, will possess a special attraction in the fact of the introduction to the public, by Mr. Reed, of Miss Robertine Henderson, with whose abilities the public is already well acquainted.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL gave their "Entertainment" at the Royal Standard Theatre, with great success, every night but one (Good Friday, of course) in Holy Week. Between the parts Mr. Emile Berger, the conductor, played a new pianoforte fantasia on Scotch airs, entitled *Waverley*, which was every evening encored. Mr. and Mrs. Paul are more than ever racy, more than ever Mr. and Mrs. Paul.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co's., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Eleven o'Clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS—Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1864.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—Before I speak of *Mireille*, I must tell you that M. de Villemessant, founder, proprietor and editor of the *Paris Figaro*, is about establishing a paper called *Le Grand Journal*, which is to give an account of whatever passes, on any part of the globe, hebdomadally. I think his idea both happy and practical, and that it cannot fail to be successful. The kind of serial publication he contemplates, though hitherto unknown to France, has, for a lengthened period, under various shapes and more or less satisfactory conditions, prospered with us in England. It is impossible for any journal, no matter how wisely and liberally conducted, to give all the news, and discuss from every point of view, the leading topics of the day; while, on the other hand, the existence of a journal, however unambitious, which at the same time can be regarded as wholly insignificant, is a rare phenomenon. One which professes, like *Le Grand Journal*, to comprehend, without exception, these requirements; which appropriates to itself the spiritual quintessence, the physical bone and marrow, of its contemporaries, may, therefore, be fairly hailed as the *vade mecum* of journalism, the hebdomadal *Million of Facts, Deductions and Opinions*. Like the Bee, which gathers materials from every source, to furnish and enrich the common Hive, its projector will no doubt expose himself to reprisals; but so long as he avoids the grand catastrophe to which the Bee is subjected by Man—who not only puts in an “execution” but suffocates the industrious tenants of the Hive—he may cheerfully submit to the rest.

M. Gounod has gone to a source hitherto unexplored, for the subject of his opera. The lyric pastoral of *Mirèio*, written in the Provençal dialect, by M. Frederic Mistral, though little known abroad, is esteemed by literary judges in France as one of the poetic masterpieces of the age. To be “*couronné*” by the Académie Française, is, in the opinion of a large majority, the very highest test of merit; and this is just what happened to *Mirèio*. Nevertheless, the poem has been considerably more talked about than read, even in Paris, the seat of learning, science and the arts,—notwithstanding, too, the existence of what is pronounced by those who have examined it, a very good translation into the received vernacular; and it is very probable that M. Mistral will find more readers, through his unanticipated connection with M. Gounod, than under any circumstances might otherwise have fallen to his lot. Whoever expects to find in the drama of *Mireille* the poetic beauties that abound in *Mirèio*, will of course be disappointed. Not only has M.

Michel Carré changed the name of the heroine, greatly to her loss—as all who, sensible to the music of verbal utterance, prefer euphony to cacophony, must admit; he has modified the character of one or two of the personages, omitted others, added materials of his own, and rejected whatever opposed the adequate fulfilment of his duties as manufacturer of librettos.

For the last, seeing on what kind of labor he was employed, it were hypercritical to call M. Carré to order; yet one would think, that while engaged on his work of demolition and reconstruction, he might quietly have got rid of a little of the (in a purely dramatical sense) redundant matter, which causes the last two acts, and a portion even of the third, to “drag,” and thus, before the final descent of the curtain, to weaken the lively impression created by all that has gone before. However, let me respectfully dismiss the Marseillaise poet, whose master-work M. Gounod's manufacturer of librettos has treated much in the same manner, only not quite with the same cleverness, as he did Goethe's *Faust*, reducing it, in a word—while occasionally, with a feint of conscience, preserving fragments of the text—to some half dozen of what, in theatrical parlance, are denominated “*tableaux*” (which—inasmuch as all the fine tints, as well as all the broad effects of colour, are omitted—must be looked upon as something wholly distinct from “*peintures*”). A brief account of the drama which M. Gounod has set to music may place the reader in a position to judge in what style, and with what success, the popular French composer has accomplished his new labor. For any slight inexactitude the plea must suffice that no book of the words has yet been published.

Mireille is divided into five acts, which—some may agree, the scantiness of the incidents taken into account—is at least one too many. The first act is a pastoral—an idyll—as fresh and charming in its way as the last act of Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, to which, from any other point of view, it offers no point of resemblance. The scene is the Mas des Micocoules (department of the Isère), at the house of Maître Ramon, the heroine's father. It is the period of the “*Cueillette*,” or gathering of mulberry leaves—just the time for lovers to be sentimental, and, as a corollary, enterprising. *Mireille* is the fêted beauty of the neighbourhood, admired not less for her goodness and modesty than for her personal attractions. Her father, one of the richest proprietors of La Crau, has set his heart upon finding for her a wealthy and suitable match. But the young maiden has already given her affections to Vincent, a basket-mender (*vannier*), whose family is unluckily poor and whose “expectations” are *nil*. Well, the gist of this first act is the billing and cooing (*roucoulement*) of the lovers. The girlish companions of *Mireille* jeer at her humble preference; while, on the other hand, the old hag, Taven, a reputed witch, encourages her choice. The entire act might be an episode in Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, or Florian's *Estelle*—only that it is fresher and more natural than either. M. Gounod has caught the spirit of it cheerfully, and spontaneously made music for it—music, which, if not startlingly original, is delightfully fresh, *champêtre* and *champanish*.

In the second act, during a festival at Tarascon, three suitors to the hand of Ramon's rich and lovely daughter respectively prefer their claims. These are Alari, owner of many flocks; Veran, a prosperous dealer in horse-flesh; and Ourrias, “*toucher de taureaux*” (bull-pricker). Meanwhile Vincent *père* approaches Ramon, and solicits *Mireille* for Vincent *fils*. Ramon will not tolerate the poor alliance, and insists upon Ourrias, “*toucher de taureaux*” (bull-

goader), as the richest party of the lot. Mireille is obstinate; she will have young Vincent, and rejects the "*toucher de taureau*" (bull-toucher), with contumely. Whereupon her father, Ramon, indignant, overwhelms her with threats and imprecations, in a grand *finale*. In this act—certain weaknesses in the *finale* allowed for—M. Gounod is as musically fresh and happy as in the first.

In the third act, the *toucher de taureau* (bull-poker)—infuriate with jealousy—kills, or thinks he kills, Vincent, his rival; whereupon, abashed at his imaginary crime, Ourrias rushes to the banks of the Rhone, and calls for the *Passeur* (ferryman). Meanwhile spirits appear; the dead bodies of those who have been drowned in the river float upon its surface; and we have an "Incantation," *pur sang*. Eugene Sue (*sang et eau*) could not beat it. At last the *Passeur* (ferryman) passes (ferries) from the other side of the stream; the *toucher de taureau* (bull-tickler) gets into the boat, anxious to cross (why not cross?) his escape; and in the very midst of his anxiety sinks to the bottom, with boat and with boatman. Thus we are relieved of Ourrias, the *toucher de boeufs* (beef-toucher). In this act, M. Gounod has made use of the key of F sharp minor—the key of Weber, at the opening of his "Incantation," the key of Mendelssohn, in his *Presto scherzando*—and in an *olla* composed of both, with more of Mendelssohn than of Weber, but with not a whit of the inspiration of either, presents the dullest "Incantation" music I remember—except an "Incantation" music, I forget in what opera, which is duller.

In act the fourth, Mireille sets out on a pilgrimage through the desert of La Crau. It had been agreed, long ago, that if at any time a mishap occurred to her, Mireille should travel to the Church of Saints, to obtain relief. Hear M. Mistral, in his own language—that is, in his own translation, from his own Provençal into his own French:—

"Si le malheur vous accable, courez, courez aux Saintes, vous aurez tôt du soulagement."

The fourth act is another idyll, and the music is as genuine and invigoratingly fresh as that of the first and second. An episode of a chorus of harvesters, an episode of a duet with Vincennette (Vincent's sister), and an episode of an interview with a young shepherd who pipes egregiously, are one and all as fresh and deliciously tuneful as anything in *Faust*. In short, the fourth act more than compensates for the third.

In the fifth act, Mireille, worn out, exhausted, and dying, reaches the goal of her pilgrimage. The not killed and well-cured Vincent joins her there, with papa and the rest; but her joy is evanescent; a sun-stroke has done for her, and she dies, ineffably, in the arms of her lover. This fifth act must be paired off with the third; and I feel inwardly convinced that if M. Gounod were persuaded to recast the last three acts, and make two, instead of three, of them (which could be easily effected), he would find that he had unconsciously given birth to another *Faust*—though as widely different from *Faust* as *Faust* from *Le Medecin malgré lui*. Three hearings of *Mireille* have convinced me of its beauty. Not only is the music beautiful, but the subject is beautiful; and it is only the paucity of incidents that prevents the book from being as interesting as the greater part of the music. The remedy is clear: both should be abridged.

You have already had a report of the performance of *Mireille*, at the Théâtre-Lyrique. Since writing, however, I have become possessed of a score for voice and piano; and, with your approval, I will analyse it for the readers of

the *Musical World*. To have attempted such a thing earlier would have been equivalent to vivisection.

DISHLEY PETERS.

P.S.—I have just learned, from M. Richard Queue de Lion (a bibliograph from Provence), that *toucher de taureau* means drover; so that, as drover is also driver, Ourrias should be Jehu.

D. P.

Hotel des Quatre Chiens, Paris, March 29.

(The Editor will be glad if Mr. Peters commences his analysis without delay).

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—I like Mdlle. Lagrua, even though not inclined to think her "by far the greatest dramatic singer of the day." In my opinion she would have created a still greater impression had nothing been said about her in the prospectus. The patrons of Italian Opera are prone to judge for themselves. The audience on Tuesday night did not really expect to find that Mdlle. Lagrua was "by far the greatest dramatic singer of the day." They came prepared, however, to judge her by the standard the Director had set up; and she was consequently in some measure a sufferer. Nevertheless, I like Mdlle. Lagrua. Such talent as she exhibited in Norma would, under ordinary circumstances, have created a *furor*; but people went expecting (or pretending to expect) a greater lyric actress than Grisi, and were disappointed. It is absurd to talk of the frigidity of the Royal Italian Opera audiences. Chary of applause they doubtless are; but on this occasion they were forced into comparisons, and disposed to be critical. Thus a singer who, notwithstanding all shortcomings, might have taken the town at once by storm, has now to work her way gradually up. That she will do so gallantly and successfully I can well believe.

Mdlle. Lagrua is an artist in the widest acceptation of the term. I cannot be blind to the fact that she is no longer in the zenith of her powers, that her voice betrays the results of hard labor, and that her executive means are not invariably under entire control; but what she has been may readily be guessed from what she is. That such a dramatic singer should not sooner have been heard at one of our Italian theatres is extraordinary. When Grisi was retiring, or about to retire, and Mr. Gye, naturally desirous to see her place filled up by a more or less competent successor, Mdle. Lagrua was at the height of her reputation and in the full possession of her powers. It is strange, indeed, that neither Mr. Gye nor Mr. Lumley should ever have bestowed a thought on her. Was the whole operatic world in league against her? London is the goal to which aspiring artists look with wistful longing. Jenny Lind did not consider it indispensable to have her reputation endorsed by the verdict of public opinion in Paris; but London put the seal upon her triumphs. No doubt Mdle. Lagrua was anxious enough to come to London, had the opportunity offered; but while, year after year, the Director of the R.I.O. was believed to be scouring the Continent for a new dramatic *soprano*, an operatic "tragedy-queen," the very lady that would exactly have answered his purpose was allowed to travel to Russia, to Germany, to France, to Italy—even to North and South America. Her praises were sounded everywhere, and her renown continually increased; but no attempt was made to secure her services for England!

At last, however, she comes among us—somewhat too late it is true, except for those who prefer artistic excellence to every other qualification, and who can make allowance for

physical defects where the intellect still brightly flashes. Madlle. Lagrua's *Norma*, to be properly appreciated, must be witnessed more than once. It is worth the pains; for I am greatly in error if her talent does not grow upon our public until they forget everything but her merits, and accept both her failings and idiosyncracies, as they accepted those of Grisi in her later days, and as they accept those of Mario and Ronconi now. More especially in these degenerate times, when it is universally lamented that Italian Art is all but lost, should we welcome one who has been a pillar to sustain and an ornament to embellish it.

St. Luke's, April 1.

RIPPINGTON PIPE.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

Vienna, March 30,

SIR,—Being at Vienna, I have thought expedient to make certain jots (*iotas*). My first jot (*iota*) is about Mr. John Mitchell, of London, (33, Old Bond Street). Mr. Mitchell is certainly an enterprising individual; he has made a proposal to all the members of the orchestra at the Imperial Opera-house, with the conductor, Herr Dessoff at their head, to come over to London in the month of June, and give six concerts. The terms he offers are very brilliant, and the chances are that the artists, eighty-six in number, will accept them, provided they can obtain permission from the Imperial Chamberlain—which, in all likelihood, they will.

My second jot is about a fiddler. Herr Ferdinand Hellmesberger, the well-known violinist, and brother of Herr Hellmesberger, the leader, has gone mad, in consequence of taking a hot bath.

My third is about a piano-player. Herr Joseph Derffel, from London, recently gave a successful concert, in the Rooms of the Musical Association. He played Chopin's Nocturne, No. 11, in G minor, and Grande Polonaise in A flat major; Beethoven's grand sonata in C major, Op. 53; and Bach's Fantasia and Chromatic Fugue in D minor. He accompanied, also, four songs by Schubert and Schumann, and took part with Herren Hellmesberger and Röber in Beethoven's Trio, D major, Op. 70, No. 1, for piano, violin, and violoncello.

My fourth and last jot is about Holy Week. In Holy Week all Mundane music ceases, and the "Lamentations" alone resound in the various churches of the capital.

And now for a bundle of jottings.

Sig. Salvi, manager of the Opera, has returned from his voyage in quest of artists for his establishment. He is said to have succeeded in securing the services of the tenor, Steger, and the two fair vocalists, Siccora-Pelli and Bertram, besides other unknown celebrities, who will give a series of performances during the summer months. This, if true, is not a very cheering prospect for the unfortunate newspaper critics, who will be obliged to go and stew in a hot theatre, instead of enjoying themselves with their beer and pipe at some favorite "caffeehaus" or "garten" in the suburbs. Last week, Mdle. Liebhart appeared for the first time since her recovery from her recent illness. She selected the part of the Page in *Le Nozze*. The moment she stepped before the footlights she was greeted with loud and continuous applause. After her romance, in Act II., a large laurel wreath and a perfect avalanche of bouquets were flung to her. The last Philharmonic concert of the second series was brought to a brilliant and triumphant conclusion, by magnificent performances of two of Beethoven's *Leonore*

overtures, and the Ninth Symphony. But enough of jottings for the nonce. If I stay here any longer I will (Mr. Dishley Peters permitting) send some more. GROKER ROORES.

MIREILLE ET M. GOUNOD.

Au Redacteur du MUSICAL WORLD.

MONSIEUR,—Il était temps que *Mireille* fût jouée. Le directeur du Théâtre-Lyrique et ses secrétaires ne suffisaient plus à répondre aux demandes de billets qu'on leur adressait pour cette première représentation. L'auteur de *Faust*, dans la société parisienne, un grand nombre de protectrices et d'admiratrices, qui font la plus active propagande pour la musique et pour le musicien. Il va souvent dans le monde, il y est fort bien reçu; on le prie de jouer un morceau de son prochain ouvrage; il s'y prête avec une complaisance extrême et une grande habileté, car nul ne joue mieux la musique de M. Gounod, et ne sait mieux la faire valoir que M. Gounod lui-même. Ces dames sont dans le ravissement, et malheur à celui dont l'admiration serait tiède! Il n'aurait pas précisément le sort d'Orphée, qui fut, dit-on, mis en pièces par les princesses et les marquises de son temps. Nos mœurs se sont singulièrement adoucies; mais je ne garantirais point que sa joue ne fût labourée et déchirée par les plus jolis ongles du monde.

La salle offrait donc le plus brillant coup d'œil, et toutes nos belles guerrières étaient sous les armes. Des duchesses, des baronnes, des banquières s'étaient disputé les premières loges; et si les enchères sur les billets de spectacle étaient permises, comme elles le seront dans quelques mois par une conséquence légitime du nouveau décret sur la liberté des théâtres, la direction fût rentrée, dès le premier soir, dans une partie de ses frais. On remarquait au balcon les principaux représentants de la presse anglaise, qui avaient passé tout exprès le détroit. Le grand succès de *Faust*, joué simultanément sur les deux théâtres de Sa Majesté et de Covent-Garden, a rendu l'auteur fort populaire à Londres. La partition de *Mireille*, vendue d'avance à un prix très élevé, sera jouée au commencement de la saison prochaine, et les critiques anglais, qui ont l'habitude de rendre compte des pièces quatre ou cinq heures après qu'ils les ont vues, se sont piqués d'une noble émulation pour donner à leurs compatriotes un avant-goût de l'ouvrage, et des nouvelles, par dépêches électriques, de sa réussite à Paris.

J'ai reconnu et salué parmi mes zélés confrères d'outre Manche, M. DISHLEY PETERS, l'un des rédacteurs les plus spirituels et incisifs de votre auguste feuille (*LE MUSICAL WORLD*); des rédacteurs et des correspondants du *Morning-Post*, du *Daily-News*, de *l'Illustration* et d'autres feuilles politiques ou spéciales. Nous avons vainement cherché le blond M. Chorley, un des plus ardents champions de M. Gounod, qui a rompu bien des lances pour *Sapho*, avant que son ami fût célèbre en Angleterre. *Sapho* et M^{me} Viardot, voilà les deux admirations de M. Chorley. Aussi ne l'avons-nous pas vu à *Mireille*. Peut-être était-il caché dans quelque baignoire, mais pourquoi se serait-il caché? Le prochain numéro de *l'Athenæum* nous expliquera ce mystère. Quant aux autres journalistes anglais, présents et visibles dans la salle, ils suivaient la représentation, comme on assiste aux offices, un livre à la main. Ce qui leur tenait lieu de ce livre d'heures, était la partition nouvelle de M. Gounod, gravée avec un rare empressement par l'éditeur Choudens, qui l'avait mise en vente deux jours avant qu'elle parût sur le théâtre. Ces messieurs, armés d'un crayon, remplissaient les marges d'une écriture fine et serrée. Jamais écrivains

n'ont fait plus consciencieusement leur métier; mais je n'ai jamais vu de spectateurs dans un plus grand embarras, car, pendant qu'ils prenaient des notes, ils ne pouvaient regarder la scène, et pendant qu'ils regardaient la scène ils ne pouvaient faire que des cornes aux feuillettes.

Paris, 29 Mar.

P. A. FIORENTINO.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The new singer, Mdle. Emilie Lagrua, has achieved legitimate success. *Norma* was a somewhat familiar opera with which to open the season; but under the circumstances Mr. Gye should be held excused. He may point to the result with genuine satisfaction, accompanied by the conviction that his patrons were not disappointed.

Norma was given on Tuesday and Thursday, and is to be again performed to-night. On Thursday, Mdle. Lagrua made a still more sensible impression than on Tuesday. Of her merits and defects—promising that the first put the last entirely in the shade—a third experience will enable us to offer a sound and well-balanced judgment. The theme deserves mature consideration.

Mdlle. Battu will be a most desirable Adalgisa when she has better studied the music; Sig. Naudin's Pollio is precisely what it was before; Mad. Tagliafico's Clotilde, ditto. The new bass, Sig. Atry, who represented Oroveso, was liked. About him, too, anon. Of the band, the chorus and Mr. Costa, nothing need be said.

The opera was followed by a *divertissement*, which, but that Mdle. Salvioni danced in it, would hardly merit notice. The two fresh comers—Mdlles. Assunta and Navarre—are not remarkable. M. Desplaces holds his place. There was, of course, the eternal *pas de trois*, with its eternal flute solo—which, however, made the elders think of Fanny Ellsler and the middle-aged of Carlotta Grisi.

BAKER BUTCHER.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, March 30.

Leaving Mr. Dishley Peters to give you a full account of M. Gounod's new opera, as promised by Mr. Groker Roovers in your last number, I will commence my letter this week with a brief notice of M. Aimé Maillart's opera, *Lara*, produced at the Opéra-Comique. The libretto, by MM. Carmon and Michel Carré, is said by the French journalists to be taken from Lord Byron's *Corsair* and *Lara*; and so indeed it is, and partly from *Don Juan* too—which the French writers did not know, or seem to know—since the old pirate Lambro, Haydée's father, is also introduced with some of the incidents narrated in that poem. There is not much in the *Corsair* and *Lara* to furnish materials for a play, and the latter poem more particularly is wanting in dramatic incidents. But a little will serve for the subject of an opera if artistically managed, and MM. Carmon and Michel Carré have on the whole done their work well. M. Maillart had already recommended himself by his opera *Les Dragons de Villars*, which had more than a *succès d'estime*, and which brought the composer at once before the public. I cannot, however, say much for the judgment and discrimination of the audiences of the Opéra-Comique who praise loudly this work of Maillart and hear almost without emotion Auber's new opera, *La Fiancée du Roi de Garbe*—a masterpiece, I can assure you, and containing some of the most delicious music the glorious old master has written for years. What a pity Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison had no friend to point out to them the beauties and peculiar fitness of this opera for their theatre. Had it been brought out early in the past season at Covent Garden, I am satisfied it would have proved an immense success, and might have redeemed all the losses of the management. But, as I was saying, the French public are not to be depended on in their opinion of music, and are more frequently wrong than right. M. Maillart's music is tuneful enough, but the tune is too often common and conventional, and there is scarcely a flash of inspiration throughout the work; although a good deal of dramatic tact is evidenced. The piece is indifferently well cast. M. Montaubry is Count Lara; Madame Galli-Marié, Kaled; M. Crosti, Ezzelin; M. Gourdin, Lambro; and Mdle. Barette, the Countess de Flor.

The last named character, I need hardly tell your readers, is not to be found either in the *Corsair* or *Lara*.

At the Théâtre-Italien, M. Bagier gave, during Easter week, extracts from the "Stabat-Maters" of Pergolese, Haydn, and Rossini. The work of Pergolese was found, by some critics, to bear too strong a resemblance to his comic operas; while Haydn's was thought too sombre. In fact, Rossini's only created a sensation, and upon it only did any pains seem to have been expended. I cannot praise the performance much, although Mario sang, and sang delightfully, the air "Cujus animam." The unaccompanied quartet, "Quando Corpus," was a complete mess. The duet, "Quis est homo," by the Sisters Marchisio, was of course honored with an encore. I have heard the air "Pro Peccatis" better sung—and so have you—than by Signor Aldighieri. Talking of the Italian theatre, I may mention that Signor Fraschini makes his *reentrée* to-night; that Mario sang for the last time this season on Sunday night, with Mdle. Patti, in *Marta*—the fifth time of performance; and that when Mario and Mdle. Patti have gone, M. Bagier will finish his season with Mesdames La Grange and Charton-Demeur, Mdle. Calderon, Signors Fraschini, Nicolini and Giraltoni. A new tenor (perhaps Mr. Mapleson's Signor Fancelli) is spoken of, but I have not heard his name.

A little talent goes a great way in Paris. The final representation of the *Moise* was announced one day last week, in consequence solely of Mdle. Maria Battu being compelled to leave for London. Good reason truly for setting aside Rossini's opera! Mdle. Battu, however, was not permitted to depart without a demonstration. "A magnificent crown of flowers,"—the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* tells its readers—"was presented to the young artist by two members of the company in the name of their comrades, and the public associated itself warmly to this sympathetic manifestation. How the last part of the ceremony, which I have italicised, took place, is not specified.

A series of sacred performances was given at the Palace of the Tuileries during Holy Week. On Thursday Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was sung at the Imperial Chapel, the singers being Mdle. Sax, MM. Troy and Warot, of the Grand Opera. On Good Friday, a sermon was given, and a *Miserere*, with chorus—M. Jules Cohen conducting. On Sunday High Mass was celebrated with full music; and on Monday High Mass and a sermon by M. Landriot.

By the way, I should have mentioned at starting—to be chronologically in order—that M. Alexandre Billet had given a concert in the Salle Herz, which attracted a large and brilliant assembly, and was an eminent success. M. Billet is a classic pianist, *par excellence*—a fact of which I need not apprise you or your readers; but he knew his company too well not to vary his performances, and to play brilliant as well as classical music. For instance, while, to please the more difficult part of his auditory, he gave Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata and Mendelssohn's Trio, in D minor, for the gratification of the other he introduced the *Carillon* of Fumagalli, the *Fileuse* of Litolf, the *Andante Spianato* of Chopin, and the *Réveil des Fées* of Emile Prudent. But whether the classic or the brilliant was in question M. Billet proved himself alike a master. Applause could not have been more hearty than that which greeted each successive performance. Several vocal pieces varied the programmes.

BERLIN.—*Struensee*, with Meyerbeer's music, has been performed at the Court Theatre. *Robert le Diable*, the *Czar et Charpentier*, of Lortzing, and the *Domino Noir* have also been given. Mdle. Artôt has had great success in the part of Angèle in Auber's opera. A young singer, Mdle. de Therey, created a great impression as Isabella in *Robert le Diable*. The number of concerts which recently took place was unusual. There were the concert of the Association of Ladies, of the new Academy of Music, of the "Société de chant Erk," of the "Société de chant Stern," &c., &c. On Good Friday, the Society of "Chant Grell" executed the Passions-Musik, according to the Gospel of St. Matthew, of Sebastian Bach.

BARCELONA.—The ecclesiastical authorities, who are omnipotent in this city, forbade the performance of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, in theatre or other public place, during Easter week.

GHEENT.—The Royal Choral Society have given a performance of M. Gevaert's cantata, *Van Artevelde*. Bazzini the violinist played on the same occasion.

MUTTONIANA.

Mr Ap'Mutton—having returned from Paris, where he heard with great pleasure M. Gounod's *Mireille*, and with infinite satisfaction M. Auber's *La Fiancée du Roi de Garbe*, which the "thick-headed people in Paris" (as R. Wagner calls them) don't understand—salutes the readers of and contributors to his column. Looking through the number of the *M. W.* for March 26, 1864 (politely forwarded to him by the Post-Office), Mr. Ap'Mutton, to his dismay, stumbled upon no less than two columns and a sixteenth of correspondence, under the head of—although he (Mr. Ap'Mutton) had not prepared one line—*Muttoniana*. Presuming, as he did, that the column thus designated had been confided to his exclusive superintendence, the surprise and indignation of Mr. Ap'Mutton may be imagined. His first impulse was to write an angry letter to the Editor, demanding from that high functionary both an explanation and an apology; but, on further reflection, and as he quietly resumed that serene despotism over his feelings for which his nearest friends have given him least credit, but at which his enemies and detractors tremble, Mr. Ap'Mutton thought better of it. The Editor, instead of an apology, might honor him with a dismissal, which would in no way answer Mr. Ap'Mutton's immediate purpose. Determined, therefore, to bottle up his wrath till his return to the "King and Beard," he ordered some Pomard (the best Burgundy wine to be had at the "Boue Sanglant"), and drank confusion to the unblinking meddler who had presumed not only to appropriate his (Mr. Ap'Mutton's) heading and affix his (Mr. Ap'Mutton's) tailing, but to make him (Mr. Ap'Mutton) appear to have written such a *postscriptum* as the following:—

"Mr. Owain Ap'Mutton's compliments. The above remarkable productions are under consideration, and will be noticed next week. In the meanwhile Mr. Owain Ap'Mutton presents his compliments."

This queer, inane, and impotent parody of the Muttonian humor is, in Mr. Ap'Mutton's opinion, equivalent to signing his (Mr. Ap'Mutton's) name, to a promissory note, without his permission or knowledge. "The above remarkable productions" are not at all "remarkable;" much less are they "under consideration"—that is under Mr. Ap'Mutton's "consideration." Nor will they be "noticed" either "next week" or at all. Nor does Mr. Ap'Mutton ever "present compliments." Even to the Editor of the *M. W.* he simply presents "copy," which he (Mr. Ap'Mutton) considers compliments and to spare. To Messrs. "Harmonious Blacksmith," "Fairplay," "Lias Toft" and "Mint Julep," Mr. Ap'Mutton would, if he presented anything, wish to present boluses, and to his self-constituted deputy, a cat-o-nine-tails.

From a heap of papers lying before him, Mr. Ap'M. takes up at hazard the subjoined (not having perused it):—

To AR'MUTTON, Esq. (*private and confidential*).—I came at five, and sat with my hat and cape on, thinking you would soon come—but you didn't. I then sat with my hat off and my cape on, thinking you'd soon come—but you didn't. And there are many small wafers in your tin box. I then sat with my hat and my cape off, thinking you would be sure to come—but you didn't; and your fire waxed low. I then put on my hat and cape, thinking you wouldn't come—and I was right. And there are many small wafers in your tin box.

There must be some hidden meaning in the foregoing which just now eludes Mr. Ap'M.'s apprehension. Try again:—

SIR,—My attention has been called to three letters which have appeared in your journal, on the 13th, 20th, and 27th days of February, signed respectively by "A Grey Head of the Profession," "An old Friend of Herr Schachner," and "Mr. John Boosey." It has occurred to me that the first two of these letters, if not all the three, are productions of the same pen. The first two certainly call for no reply—they are really beneath contempt. I should be only insulting your readers if I could assume for a moment that they did not perceive at once that the second, although bearing the signature of a professed friend, is the production of an enemy, who seeks to give point to his harmless ridicule by writing under the mask of friendship. The only letter of the three that calls for any serious notice from me is the last, which bears the signature of Mr. John Boosey, and the only point in this of any importance is the statement that the Publication has been a miserable failure. Now, sir, I deny, *in toto*, the truth of this statement: the Publication has not been a "miserable failure." If it has not been as completely successful as Mr. Boosey thought it would be when he purchased it, with whom does the fault rest? Even he does not insinuate that it is the fault of the work itself. His first advertisement of it, an advertisement which he continued to publish until within a

few weeks of the date of his sale of the copyright, shows his estimate of it. "Boosey and Sons have much pleasure in announcing that they have purchased the copyright of Herr Schachner's Oratorio, 'Israel's Return from Babylon,' which was performed with such eminent success a short time since at Exeter Hall, with the aid of Mlle. Tietjens and Mr. Sims Reeves, &c., &c. The Pianoforte Score will be published in a handsome volume, complete, price one guinea, several hundred copies having already been subscribed for. With the view of assisting the numerous Choral Societies in the production of a work that cannot fail to attain a high and permanent position in the grandest school of Sacred Music, the publishers have determined to publish the Orchestral Score," &c., &c.

Having formed this opinion of the work and published it, how long a trial did he allow it? Six months. Does not Mr. Boosey, after his long acquaintance, as a publisher, with the musical profession, know that this is too short a time to allow an Oratorio, whatever its merits, to acquire a reputation and achieve a commercial success? I should like to know what degree of commercial success had been attained by the great oratorios of Handel when they had been only six months in the hands of his publishers. Let me not be understood as comparing my work with the immortal productions of this colossus, I am only referring to the comparative profit derived by his publishers from his works, and by Mr. Boosey from mine. As an illustration of the attention which the works received from Mr. Boosey, let me simply state the course he pursued when it was produced at the Worcester Festival, which was the second performance of it. Instead of attending that Festival he was on the Continent, as I was informed by an eminent musical critic whom he had appointed to meet there, and who was justly indignant at the neglect with which he was treated, and consequently, as might reasonably be expected, not in the best of humours. It was, in fact, scarcely known in Worcester that the Oratorio was published at all. Mr. Boosey did not send down a single person from his house to watch over his interests; but, amusingly enough, after the Festival was over and the visitors had left the City, large placards appeared announcing the great pleasure Mr. Boosey had in publishing his Oratorio. Is it at all surprising, if this is to be taken as a fair specimen of the attention the work has received from Mr. Boosey, that it has not proved a perfect success in a commercial point of view, or even, if such is the fact, that not a single copy should not have been sold since the Worcester Festival?—Your's obediently,

J. R. SCHACHNER.

14, King Street, Portman Square.

"That if not a single copy should not have been sold since the Worcester Festival," is, to Mr. Ap'M.'s mind, a pity; but that two negatives in English (and in Welsh) destroy one another, is true, nevertheless. It is also, to Mr. Ap'M.'s mind, a pity that J. R. Schachner, in maintaining an affirmative, which can only be made plain through the interposition of a negative, should, by the interposition of two negatives instead of one, upset his affirmative and prostrate both his negatives. The phrase would read better thus—"that a single copy should have been sold since the Worcester Festival"; for, by dispensing with negatives a simple affirmative is established. Mr. Ap'M., if memory does not fail him, had already perused the letter of J. R. Schachner, in the non-Muttonian column of a contemporary hebdomadal—some eight days since; and thus he (Mr. Ap'Mutton) is enabled to explain away the seeming miracle of a letter and an answer to that letter being shot into his quarters. The answer courts imprinting, with no less justice than the letter; and Mr. Ap'M. forthwith imprints it.

SIR,—M. Schachner, the author of *Israel's Return from Babylon*, which one of your writers erroneously entitled *Jacob's Return from Houndsditch*, charges me with two offences. The first is—that I exaggerated the merits of his oratorio in my preliminary announcements. The second is—that I was absent on the continent at the time of the performance of the oratorio at Worcester. I plead guilty to both charges, but must also claim "extenuating circumstances." Being ignorant of music, like other distinguished publishers, I did not form an opinion of the worth of the oratorio, but was led by Herr Schachner, and his friends, who persuaded me that it was a first-rate work. Consequently, the original announcement did not represent my views so much as it did Herr Schachner's. As soon as I discovered the discrepancy that existed between the opinion of the public and that of the author, I disposed of the copyright. Still it is hardly sensible of Herr Schachner to taunt me with an indiscretion of which he was the cause, and which has been so profitable to him, and so costly to our house. That I was on the continent when the oratorio appeared at Worcester is also true; and from what I have since heard of the music of *Israel's Return from Babylon*, I do not regret having spent my holiday at Germany rather than at Worcester. Herr Schachner commits himself again, I think, in insinuating that the success of a great work is not dependant upon

its own merits, but upon the presence of the publisher, who is to exercise some mysterious influence over the press and the public. Such an insinuation implies no high opinion of his own composition; but it may be excused as emanating from an unsuccessful author.

Yours obediently,

JOHN BOOSEY.

Mr. Ap'Mutton, inwardly assured of the good intentions both of J. R. Schachner and John Boosey, begs they will accept his assurance at its worth.

Ma. Ap'MUTTON.—SIR,—I was, on Easter Monday, at Astley's. Further, I saw a piece called *Rosalie, or the Chain of Crime*. The "Chain" wanted some links; and a humorist by my side observed—"In this piece there is a murder which is not a murder; a marriage which is not a marriage; a burglary in which the burglars are burgled; a parent's curse revoked; and a dark scene in which there is nothing dark but the meaning." Further, the humorist observed (wittily), that the actor who took "the maledictionary parent played very well till the last trick, when he revoked." He also called E. T. Smith "Prospero"—tho' Smith conjured up these wonders without an Ariel. The humorist had a prominent nose and generally prepossessing personal appearance. I am, further, Sir, Yours obediently,

PAUL MOIST.

Tankard St., Beerey, March 31.

Mr. Ap'Mutton himself assisted at the performance alluded to by Mr. Moist, and (short of the nose) happened to be the very humorist who sat by that gentleman's side. Only Mr. Ap'M. did not employ the word "maledictionary;" but, "further," observed that "in the second act there was a wreck, and in the third the author was reckless." This was observed by Mr. Ap'M. (who wore spectacles), to show up the superfluous "w" at the beginning of the word "reck," and, "further," because the curse of the "maledictionary parent" was uttered from the summit of a lofty, steep, and distant precipice. "Further," Mr. Ap'M. said nothing at all.

Mr. Ap'M. takes up at random yet other papers, and (too late for rectification) finds they are addressed to the Ed. of the M. W.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

DEAR SIR,—I have been a subscriber to the *Musical World* since 1858, and from that time till now I have derived much pleasure from reading its contents. However, I have one complaint to make which is as follows: your extracts from French journals untranslated are incomprehensible to me, and I have no doubt but they are also to a great number of your readers. In your last number, March 26, you take up almost two whole pages with articles printed in French, which I presume are on Rossini's New Mass. Now, I feel as much interested about Rossini as any of your musical readers, and I think it is wrong on your part to allow extracts from the French journals to be published untranslated in the columns of the *Musical World*. I should have no need to complain if you would publish an English translation with them for the benefit of that class of your readers who can only understand plain English.

T. B. B.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—Will you kindly correct an error in your notice this week of the concert at Westbourne Hall, Bayswater, 17th inst., stating that the only encore of the evening was received by Mme. Vinning. My sister, Millicent Constance Georgi, and self, obtained the first encore in the "Duet" from the *Crown Diamonds*, and a similar compliment was paid me in Signor Arditi's *bolero*, "Leggero Invisible."—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

EMILIE GEORGI.

1 Little Argyll Street, March 26th.

Mr. Ap'Mutton reminds T. B. B. that he (Mr. Ap'Mutton) is occasionally compelled to write French, Italian, German and Spanish, —sometimes even Latin (as to Mr. Shirley Brooks), and Greek (as to Mr. Horace Mayhew), as the case may happen—in this "Column." One reason is that the M. W. (and especially *Muttoniana*) is perused by inhabitants of all nations, the majority of whom know no more of English than T. B. B. professes (Mr. Ap'M. doubts the fact) to know of French; another that Mr. Ap'M. naturally loves to exhibit his familiarity with tongues both mort and quick. Moreover, a description of Rossini's *Petite Messe*, in English, was given in the same number (page 203), expressly for modest and gentlemanly "plain Englishmen." To the Misses Emilie and Constance Georgi, to whom Mr. Ap'M. would cheerfully pay his respects, he can only say he is glad—very glad.

"V. P." has translated, from the Spanish, a notice of Mad. Volpini's *Margarita*, &c., and begs Mr. Ap'Mutton's acceptance thereof.

Mr. Ap'Mutton is obliged to "V. P."—he (Mr. Ap'Mutton) inclining to Mad. Volpini.

The part of *Margarita* performed by the Senora Volpini would be difficult to improve, because in her we see the Characteristic type of Goethe, more Elevated, more reduced and with more vocal faculties could not be by others the Same *Margarita* of the Poet and of the Composer. It is necessary a figure and voice such as that of the Senora Volpini, there could not be neither a reduction nor an addition to the Song the Expression which Said Lady Artist performed the part of *Margarita*, there could not be more Innocence in the Songs in "La Madre Perdei" nor with more love in the "Si Tadero" nor with more Expression "Ei Tama" such expressed and Sang by Senora Volpini Enchanted Type of Goethe such the public understood as she was Interrupted with repeated Bravos and Applause. Calling her after the Opera before the curtain with Faust and Mefistofeles and also at the same time the Conductor and Director Signor Botessini. Señor Selva in the part of Mefistofeles is almost inimitable throughout the Opera and is superior to all praise—His song, his expression, his movements is of an Artist worthy to Imitate and was applauded with Intusiasm The Small parts of Siebel performed by Señora Presli and Martha by Señora Mas-Porex were well executed—We neither meet with Faust in the 3rd Act and for that reason we reserve ourselves to Speak untill he appears.

Mr. Ap'Mutton has re-translated V. P.'s translation back again into Spanish, and begs V. P.'s acceptance.

El papel de *Margarita*, desempeñado por la señora Volpini, difícilmente podrá mejorarse, porque en ella vemos el tipo caracterizado por Goethe. Mas alta, mas baja, mas gruesa, mas delgada, con mas facultades vocales, ya no seria la misma *Margarita* del poeta y del compositor. Es preciso una figura y una voz como la de la señora Volpini: no se puede ni quitar ni añadir á el canto y á la expresion con que dicha artista desempeña la parte de *Margarita*. No puede haber mayor irocinencia en el canto de *C'era un re, un re di Thule*; ni mas sencillez en el de *E' estrano poter il viso suo veder*; ni mas candor en el de *Al campo é il fratele*. *Ea madre perdei*; ni mas amor en el de: *ah! si l'adoro*; ni mas pasion en el de: *E' tutti suon de la natura mi ripetono insieme: Li l'ama*, que como la espresa y canta la señora Volpini, tipo ensantador de la *Margarita* de Goethe. El público lo comprende así, y la interrumpe con repetidos bravos y aplausos, llamándola la despues á la escena con *Fausto* y *Mefistofeles*, y llamando tambien al maestro director Sr. Botessini. El Sr. Selva en la parte de *Mefistofeles* está casi inimitable en toda la ópera: pero en este acto es superior á todo elogio. Su canto, su expresion, sus movimientos, son de un artista consumado y digno imitarse, siendo aplaudido contusismo. Las pequeñas partes de *Siebel* desempeñada por la señora Presli y la de *Martha* por la señora Mas-Porell, están bien ejecutadas. Tampoco en el acto tercero encontramos á *Fausto*, y por eso nos reservamos el hablar hasta que parezca.

This act of Mr. Ap'Mutton is strictly an act of courtesy towards "V. P." of whose obliging favor it claims to be an acknowledgment.

King and Beard, April 3.

OWAIN AP'MUTTON.

A FRENCH VIEW OF ENGLISH ENTERPRISE.—Signor Arditi has been in Paris since the first representation of *Mireille*, at which he "assisted," taking notes score in hand. The maestro who brought out *Faust* in London could not be absent on such an important occasion. If *Mireille* is destined for the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre it will owe, as did *Faust*, a great part of its success to the intelligence, care, and indefatigable zeal of Signor Arditi. At present they talk only of *Tannhauser*—enough we think for the present. Signor Arditi is about to start for Germany to witness the representation of that celebrated work, which is to be produced this season at Her Majesty's Theatre. Signor Marchesi has translated it into Italian from the German original; and there can be little doubt he has acquitted himself of the not easy task conscientiously and well. There is also a talk of doing the *Merry Wives of Windsor* and—looming in the distance—*Mireille*. We shall see. Whatever Mr. Mapleson, the active director of Her Majesty's Theatre, and his right hand man, Signor Arditi, decide upon, we may count upon a splendid season, in which *novelty* will play a conspicuous part. Strike quick, hard and true, is the motto of Mr. Mapleson, the young lessee. Her Majesty's Theatre in London represents vigor, life, and progress. That is why it merits good wishes and success.—*Presse Théâtrale*.

HANOVER.—The eighth and last Subscription Concert commenced with Haydn's E flat major Symphony. Herr Joachim played Tartini's "Teufelssonate;" and Dr. Gunz sang an air from Monsigny's "Rose et Colas," which concluded Part I. Part II. comprised Kreutzer's Concerto-Allegro, played by Herr Joachim; Beethoven's "An die ferne Geliebte," sung by Dr. Gunz; and the *Leonore* overture, No. 3.

GENEVA.—(From a Correspondent).—The new professor, M. Bergson, professor of the piano at the Conservatoire de Musique, at Geneva, resided some years in Paris, where he was well-known as an excellent artiste and composer. He made his *début* at Geneva, before the patrons of music, at a concert given by the Council of the Conservatoire playing in a concerto of his own, in three parts, and which he composed for the occasion. The piece is unpublished, and the *Journal de Genève* speaks of it in high terms of admiration, intimating that his able performance gave indubitable proof that he is a most excellent artist, possessed of a refined taste and great manipulative skill; and that the work itself furnished conclusive evidence of his great scientific capacity as a composer. The writer adds, that the appointment of M. Bergson indicates that the Council have shown great discrimination and judgment. In a previous number of this journal there is given a brief history of the professional education of the new professor. In the latest edition of the *Biography of Musicians* of M. Fétis there is the following:—

"Michel Bergson, born in 1820, at Warsaw. He first studied music at Anhalt under the direction of M. Schneider, and afterwards went to Italy, where he published his first work, and became known as an artist. He then wrote for the Theatre de la Pergola, at Florence, a grand opera, entitled *Luisa De Montfort*, which was translated and played at Hamburg. He afterwards returned to Germany and passed several years in Berlin and Leipzig, and finally settled in Paris, and is known as the author of more than fifty compositions; among them may be mentioned several concerted pieces for different instruments."

In concluding this brief notice we cannot do better than give Mr. Bergson's *inaugural* compositions:—

Concerto Symphonique, pour piano et Orchestra, en trois parties (inédit) exécuté pour la première fois par l'auteur: a, Allegro appassionato; b, Andante Sostenuto; c, Finale "Alla Zingara."—BERGSON.

As the *Musical World* takes cognizance of composers and their compositions, of all countries, I deemed the above might prove acceptable.

LEYDEN.—The Patti, Laub, and Jaell concert troupe have sung and played here with success. Herr Oberthür, also, the harpist, from London, has appeared and been well received.

ALGIERES.—M. Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* was given here recently for the first time. It met with an enthusiastic reception.

EDINBURGH.—Last night Miss Glyn again delighted a very numerous and appreciative audience at the Queen Street Hall with one of her fine Shakspearean readings. The play was *Antony and Cleopatra*, in which Miss Glyn lately afforded us extreme pleasure by her splendid performance of the chief part, at the Theatre Royal. It would be difficult to get any actor who would recite the superb description of Cleopatra on the Cydnus, as Miss Glyn delivered it. Upon this and all the other subordinate characters of the tragedy, even to the almost speechless attendants and the trembling messengers, Miss Glyn bestows the same exquisite care and the same subtle delineative power that has rendered her Cleopatra perfect. Antony wants, of course, the masculine voice and bearing which in good hands he obtains on the stage; but all that nice emphasis and passionate expression can do, Miss Glyn brings to the reading of his dialogue. As for Cleopatra herself, we might exhaust the language of eulogy and still fail to do justice to the wonderfully varied power of voice, look, and action by which Miss Glyn realises this finely portrayed character. We have, in noticing Miss Glyn's acting of this part, pointed out its general characteristics, and we need only add now that her reading of it is so fine that, although not unaccompanied by intelligent and forcible gesture, it hardly seems to want those accessories of stage-play which complete its effect at the theatre. Miss Glyn had, as we have said, a very large audience, and she could not but have been gratified by the profound attention with which her reading was received—many persons following it with the text—and the very warm marks of approbation with which its merits were recognised at intervals and at the close of the recital. The unmistakeable success of Miss Glyn's readings will, we hope, induce her to repeat them, or to favor us with others, at an early date.—*Evening Courant*, March 31.

HEREFORD.—Mr. Child gave a concert, under distinguished patronage, in the Shire Hall on Wednesday evening, with the following artists: Madame Vinning, Madame Weiss, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Weiss, vocalists; Mr. H. Blagrove, violin; and Master Willie Pape, pianoforte. The most successful pieces were the "Bijou" song from *Faust*, Madame Vinning; a duet from *Lucia*, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss; Randegger's Trio, "I Naviganti," Mad. Weiss, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Weiss; and Mendelssohn's *Rondo Capriccioso*, admirably played by Master Willie Pape. Mr. G. Townsend Smith was conductor.

LIVERPOOL.—(From a correspondent).—Mr. Burnand's burlesque of *Rumpelstiltskin* was produced at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Liverpool, on Easter Monday, in a style of splendor never previously witnessed in that town. Miss Ranol, Miss Nelly Nesbitt and Miss Clifford, all *débütantes* in the town, achieved a great success. The dresses and ballet were particularly noticeable for their beauty and effectiveness.

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